

Charisk with the Morning Dew

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Category: Undertale

Genre: Family, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 13:54:29

Updated: 2016-04-25 15:21:01

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:11:48

Rating: T

Chapters: 5

Words: 5,162

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Chara and Frisk left the underground long ago, and now they live together in a small apartment. Is there any limit to love?

1. Chapter 1

****Oh my goodness! The time has finally arisen to write this! I'm so excited! This might be an adventure to remember! This story will take place years after the monsters are freed from the underground. This story will have charisk through and through. (In fact, it revolves around charisk!) the two main protagonists in this not-really-a-story-but-more-like-life-after-freedom-from-Mount-Ebott (Frisk and Chara) will both be feminine, and now adults. Don't worry, I will try my absolute hardest to not take ideas from Askmercyseries on Tumblr. Each chapter, the point of view will switch.****

****Chapter 1****

****Chara's POV****

I felt her hand, resting gently in mine. It was warm, and I wanted to just grab it, and squeeze it like an orange. Frisk's gentle breathing was warm against the side of my face. The blanket covered our bodies, which were clothed in a tanktop and short-shorts. The sun streamed in thin beams through the shades on our window, and the bed felt just as soft as usual.

Frisk nuzzled her cheek underneath my ear, and I did the same back. We were still laying in the comfort of the bed despite it being morning, and bright.

It was very quiet— the only sound that could be heard was the sound of beeps from Flowey the Flower's GameBoy. I could remember when I told him that he would have to come up with the money by himself. He actually wanted that 3DS, but he doesn't like to save his money.

I could hear Flowey grunt, then he spoke. "Hey! I know you're awake! I'm hungry! I don't have legs you know!" I grabbed the alarm clock off of the end table, and hurled it at Flowey. He managed to duck, but not by much. The alarm clock hit the wall with a clang. "Hey! Watch who you're trying to murder!" I chuckled, as he resumed his angry gameplay.

No point trying to sleep now. I sat up, and rubbed my eyes, tiredly. Frisk grabbed my pillow, and started cuddling it as though it contained the very last traces of me. I turned so my bare legs dangled off of the side of the bed, and I slid my feet into a grey pair of soft, fuzzy slippers that Frisk bought me last year. I stood up, and walked over to the other side of the room. I heard Flowey grumble under his breath. "Finally."

I opened the door, and it didn't make a sound. I slipped through it, and pulled it closed behind me, almost silently. I inhaled a fresh breath through my lungs. Life has been different for me ever since Frisk recognized me as somebody worth letting live. Even after all of the terrible things I did to her, she still wanted to be my friend. That reset was the thing that changed everything.

After I murdered the comedian, I decided to show myselfâ€¦ yesâ€¦ I know that I was supposed to waitâ€¦ but I was bored of killing a Frisk, then traveling to another timeline to do it again. I needed things to happenâ€¦ a little quicker. I killed the comedian because I wanted revenge. Now that I have Frisk, nothing matters more than her.

I stepped into the bathroom. It smelled nice all because of the air freshener that I brought as an insult to Flowey, but ended up using for the bathroom instead. I looked at myself in the mirror, and saw a pale face, with baggy eyes, overdone blush makeup, red irises, and the shoulder-length, slightly spiky brown hair of me, Chara Dreemurr. I looked tired as usual, and I knew that not even coffee could wake me up, but I would try anyway.

I turned the cold knob on the tap faucet, and cold water came gushing out. I put my hands under it, and felt the ice-cold water push against them. I swiftly brought my hands to my face, and felt the water trickle down my it, like ice rubbing against my cheek. I stared at my reflection once again. I didn't look as tired, but not by much.

I left the bathroom, forgetting to turn the light off, and I entered the kitchen. It was small, but it was a kitchen. It's times like those that I feel lucky to have one of those coffee makers that you could put a cup to, and have the coffee come out. I took a paper cup from the small stack, and pressed it to the button on the coffee maker. The black coffee came out fiercely, and smelled terrible. When the small cup was almost full, I pulled it back. The last few drops fell quietly into the excess coffee container. I stood back, and took a long, quiet sip of the black coffee in the cup.

I felt somebody's head lean against my shoulder, and I didn't need to look to recognize it was Frisk who wanted attention. I used my free arm and wrapped it around her neck gently. Frisk then put her arm over my shoulder in return. Frisk nuzzled against me once again. Her shoulder-length, smooth, brown hair rubbed affectionately against my cheek. I stood there, not wanting to let go of Frisk. I took another

sip of my coffee. It tasted absolutely terrible, but it would keep me awakeâ€| hopefully.

Frisk then pulled away from my grasp, and went over to the fridge. She pulled out a jug of milk that was about half full, and she set it on the counter. She took a paper cup from the same stack I took mine from, and she put it to the button on the coffee maker. The coffee gushed in, splashing around Frisk's cup. It was about half way full when she pulled it away. She twisted the cap off of the milk, and poured the milk in. Frisk added a little too much, and some of the milky coffee poured over the edge of the cup.

She walked over to stand next to me, and sipped her coffee. Her sips were more like slurps though, but that was a unique thing about my girlfriend. There are many indescribable, unique features of my wonderful girlfriend, Frisk.

2. Chapter 2

****Charisk with the Morning Dew****

****Chapter 2****

****Frisk's POV****

I sat in the soft seat of Chara's car as she drove over to Sans's and Papyrus's house. Chara looked very tired, even though she had her morning coffee. We were now dressed in our regular sweaters, you know, I love to wear my sweater with violet-pink and bright blue stripes, and Chara likes to wear her dark green sweater, with a yellow stripe along it. You know this, don't you?

I stared out the side window of Chara's car, and watched as we passed houses that had been tucked in with a blanket of snow last night. "I won't let you make snow angels," Chara said to me, her red-irised eyes still on the road. I glared at her, wondering why she wouldn't let me do such a simple thing. "You're enough of an angel already." Chara smiled widely. I could tell she was joking, and I gave her a playful shove.

I stared out of the window some more, and we began passing trees. Trees that had dropped all of their leaves, and were reaching up helplessly to the sky, their wooden limbs twisting and bending in various directions. All of a sudden, there was a loud snapping noise. Chara stepped on the breaks, and swore under her breath. She unbuckled hastily, opened the door, and stepped out. We were on a lone road, in the middle of the forest. This was the shortest route to Sans's and Papyrus's house, but it was also littered with junk, and small pieces of metal.

I couldn't see what Chara was doing, but I could tell that she was angry. After she walked a lap around the car, Chara walked over to the open door on the driver's side of the car, and leaned against the roof of the car. She began muttering something under her breath that I couldn't hear. I unbuckled as well, the seat belt pulled back, and I got out. I walked around the silver-painted car, and stood behind Chara. "Flat tireâ€|" she said grumpily. "Dammit."

I began rubbing Chara's back, and she just stared into the woods,

blankly. Then, a ringing sound came from my pocket. I pulled out my phone, and put it on _talk._ "Hey, where are ya' right now?" Came the raspy voice of Sans the skeleton. Without warning, Chara grabbed the phone out of my hand, and put it to her ear. "We have a flat tire, and now we're stranded in the middle of the woods." she said in an angry tone. I looked around, and sure enough, the road parted tall trees that stretched into the distance farther than the eye could see. I couldn't hear what Sans said in reply, but Chara responded. "Thanks comed- I mean, Sansâ€¦ yeahâ€¦"

Chara ended the call, and handed my phone back to me. "Sans sent his brother over, he will bring a tow truck. Hopefully he knows how to operate it." Chara still didn't know that Papyrus got a job working for some sort of tow truck company, so Papyrus was average when it came to tow trucks. Although he wished that someday, his fancy car would be upgraded with a hook, so that he could 'do his job in style' as he said.

Me and Chara stood where we were for a long period of time, shivering. "Do you think it was a bad idea to leave Flowey at home?" Chara asked, looking at me. I shrugged in response. "Ha. As long as he doesn't set the apartment on fire, I guess we're golden." I stared at Chara. She still looked tired, but she seemed happier. She was smiling, and her eyes glimmered like stars. Chara was the only person I knew who was beautiful despite her red irises, and overdone pink blush.

"How far away was their house again?" Chara asked me. I shrugged again. Chara let out a deep sigh, and began looking around. "Papyrus should be here soonâ€¦ I'm getting cold, let's get back in the car." Chara slid into the driver's side of the car, and I got into the passenger side. We closed the car doors, and Chara turned the heat on. She also turned the radio on. Chara pulled a small lever at the side of her seat, and it leaned back. Chara closed her eyes, and looked like she was resting peacefully. Her face was red from the cold. "Friskâ€¦" Chara said in a voice close to a whisper. I turned the volume dial on the radio down. "I can't say enough how much I love you." she said quietly.

I nudged myself off of my seat, and Chara moved to the side. I layed down on Chara's seat, and I was squashed against her. It was a tight fit, but it was warm, and cozy. We began holding each other's hands, and we closed our eyes. "I love you Frisk. I really do." I could tell that I was blushing, and I didn't care to hide it.

Through the gentle sound of the radio, and the quiet hum of the car's heating, we fell asleep, in the same seat, holding hands, cuddling each other.

3. Chapter 3

****Charisk with the Morning Dew****

****Chapter 3****

****(Beware! Sin ahoy!)****

****Chara's POV****

I awoke with a jolt to hear the loud horn of a tow truck Papyrus was driving. I sat up abruptly and looked around. All of the windows in the car were covered in fog, and my nose felt unusually stuffy. Frisk sat up slower than I did, and rubbed her eyes. I opened the car door, and saw the small, rusty tow truck that Papyrus was driving. He was wearing a pair of sunglasses, and he had headphones on.

"C'mon Frisk, time to get a move on." I said to her quietly. I climbed out of the car, and Frisk followed behind. I walked over to the door of Papyrus's tow truck, and opened it. I let Frisk go in first, then I followed behind. There were only two seats in the front, and Papyrus was in one of them, so me and Frisk managed to squeeze into one seat once again. The truck smelled like spaghetti that has been left out for at least a week.

"So, how was your day?" Papyrus asked in his bright, cheerful voice. Frisk shrugged, then she gave Papyrus a thumbs up. "That's good, how was your day?" said Papyrus, looking at me. "Just hook us up bone-sack." I said sourly. Frisk punched me on the shoulder creating a rough pain. "Sorryâ€¦ umâ€¦ Papyrusâ€¦" I said sarcastically. Frisk however thought that was a genuine apology, and gave me a wet kiss on the cheek.

Just minutes later, the hook was attached to our car, and we were on our way. Frisk stared blankly out the front window, and I stared out of the side window.

The rumbling of the truck was smooth however. I had just had a nap, so I wasn't going to fall asleep. Frisk, on the other hand, leaned her head affectionately on my shoulder. I rubbed my hand along Frisk's back, and I could tell she liked the pleasure of it.

Then, all of a sudden, Frisk turned her head, and rubbed her lips along my neck. I hung my arm around her shoulder, and I felt Frisk's wet tongue slide up and down my neck, and constant chills slide down my spine like ice. I began whispering to her. "Friskâ€¦" I grunted. Papyrus stared out the front window, and didn't seem to notice Frisk's sudden signs of affection. "Now's not a good time forâ€¦" I let out a gasp. I had not felt such pleasure in my life, but I didn't need to know right now. We were beginning to enter town, but Frisk still wouldn't stop. "Friskâ€¦ noâ€¦ stopâ€¦" She continued to relentlessly lick my neck. I turned my head toward Frisk to get her to stop, she stopped licking, but she started kissing me. She put both of her arms over my shoulder, and pinned me against the window of the truck. Frisk's lips were warm, and her kiss was gentle, but intimidating.

I heard Papyrus's breathing begin to pick up speed, he must have noticed us making out. Frisk didn't stop though, she continued to rub her lips against mine. Then I began hearing music, very faintly. Papyrus had probably turned up his music. I knew by now that Papyrus did know about what me and Frisk were doing.

I couldn't push Frisk off of me, she was surprisingly strong. She kept me pinned against the window while Papyrus drove the truck, probably about to have a mental breakdown.

Then, the truck squealed to a stop, and Frisk pulled away. Her face was redder than a cherry. "Idiotâ€¦ you idiotâ€¦" I said quietly in between gasps.

I looked out the window, and saw Sans's and Papyrus's house. "Okayâ€¦ we're hereâ€¦" Papyrus said. He was clutching the wheel, and he was shaking, and blushing. "Frisk, never do that again." I said darkly to Frisk.

I just noticed that, despite the cold, I was sweating. I stepped out of the truck. Sans was waiting at the front door of the house, he was smiling as usual, and his eyes were closed peacefully. "Hey, ya' look like you felt your sins crawling on your back." Sans opened his eyes, and his left eye socket (Because if you didn't know, he's a skeleton.) had flickers of blue fire in it. "You have no idea comedian." I said quietly as I passed him and entered the house. It smelled like butterscotch-cinnamon pie. I heard the soft, silk-like voice of Toriel coming from the kitchen. "Welcome back! Please make yourself at home!"

I sat on the sofa, and playing by my feet, was a young toddler. He had a furry body with baby clothes on, and he had more of a skull than a goat head. That's what happens when you leave Sans and Toriel together. I didn't mind too much though, he was adorable, but he was mischievous as any baby would be.

"Well I'm just sayin'," said Sans as he entered, Frisk standing by his side. "If you ever have any trouble, I'm always willin' to give bad times." Frisk waved Sans away, then sat on the sofa next to me. Frisk grabbed my arm, and pulled it around her neck, and she leaned against my shoulder, with my arm dangling over her shoulder. "Don't even think about it." I said darkly, looking Frisk in the face. She giggled, and began to watch the skeleton goat child play with a toy truck. I sighed deeply.

4. Chapter 4

****Charisk with the Morning Dew****

****Chapter 4****

****Frisk's POV****

Our stomachs were full, and Chara and I were now leaning against each other, on the couch, covered in a fleece blanket. Sans was on the other side of the room, he was tapping at his phone. He claimed he was checking his Email, but he had been standing there for the past hour, so I knew he was trying to keep Chara from hurting me. Sans was very protective of me, and didn't trust Chara (If you couldn't tell,).

It was beginning to get dark, and Chara was swiping and tapping around UnderNet, but she wasn't doing anything in particular. Chara also kept checking Sans's profile for some reason. It showed that he was online, and that he had been since we began cuddling on the couch.

Sans looked tired, and it was beginning to get late. "Welpâ€¦" Chara said with a yawn. "Time to go back, do you wanna say 'goodbye' to your friends?" Chara stood up, and slid her phone back into her jean pocket. She looked a little frustrated with something. I stood up as well. Everybody else was asleep, except Sans, so I waved 'bye' to

Sans, who gave a small wave in return. I then left the house beside Chara.

It was now dark outside, and Chara's car was in the driveway, with new tires, and it also got a free wash. I opened the passenger side door, and slid in. Chara however stood outside of the car. She took out of her pocket, a small box, and something else, small and plastic looking. There was a dim glow from where her face was, and then came the putrid scent of cigarette smoke.

I opened the door, and ran over to Chara. She had her eyes closed, and a cigarette stuck out of the corner of her mouth, embers embedded in the tip, and smoke streaming out of it. I grabbed her arm. I never knew that Chara smoked. She opened one eye, and looked at me. "What is it Frisk?" she asked, the cigarette wiggling in her mouth. I grabbed the cigarette out of her mouth, and threw it on the ground. I stepped on it, and hugged Chara tightly. I felt tears trickle down my face.

"Frisk! It's okay! It's just smoking!" I banged on Chara's back with my fist. Smoking was a lot more than smoking to me. Smoking was stinky, and dangerous, but me being the quiet type, I didn't tell her, but she understood what I wanted. "I'm sorry Frisk" Chara said, dropping the lighter, and the pack of cigarettes. "It's just I wanted to try something new but I guess I could stop, it hurt my throat anyway." Chara rubbed my back, reassuringly. I continued to sob into Chara's shoulder.

"Let's go home, and we'll have a talk... okay?" she whispered in my ear. "Mmm-hmm" I said through my tears. Chara separated from me. "Okay good" I got into the car once again, and Chara got in the driver's side. Chara put the key in the ignition, and then stared out the front window. Blankly stared.

I put my hand on her shoulder, and she snapped out of it with a jolt. "Oh, yeah, sorry I was thinking about nevermind." Chara turned the key, the car awoke with a roar.

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We arrived home, and it was very quiet. I couldn't even hear Flowey shouting impatiently. Chara went into the bathroom, and I stepped into me and Chara's room, and saw Flowey, sleeping contently on the dresser. I changed out of my sweater and jeans, and into the tank-top and short shorts I usually sleep in. Chara came in, and she was wearing only her underwear, and a bra. "Not going to bother to change, I'm too tired." I felt my face turn red, and warm.

We both climbed into bed, and covered ourselves with the blanket we always shared. I huddled up against Chara's mostly naked body, and I warmed up quickly. "So, you don't feel comfortable with me smoking" She said. She sighed, and I felt her chest rise, and fall. "Listen, Frisk," She put her hand on my shoulder. "I want to try to make this relationship one of the happiest for you, I mean." I shook my head. I did not want her to think that only I mattered. "But, Frisk I love you I" I could see tears glimmer on Chara's face. "I love you, and I just want you to be happy" but Chara mattered too, I didn't want to be treated like gold, I just wanted to be loved, and to love Chara back equally.

I wrapped my arms around Chara. She was very warm, and her skin was very smooth. "Friskâ€| why are you being so nice to me?" I grabbed Chara tighter. "After all the things I saidâ€| after all the things I've doneâ€| why?" I put my finger on her lips in a 'shh' gesture. Then, Chara stopped talking. Within seconds, I could hear her gentle breathing. I could barely see, but I saw that her eyes were closed peacefully. With my arms still around Chara, I fell asleep as well.

5. Chapter 5

****Charisk with the Morning Dew****

****Chapter 5****

****Chara's POV****

The car pulled to a stop at the small box that people would speak into to give their order. Me and Frisk had decided that we were just going to be lazy and eat at Burger King for breakfast. "Um, I guessâ€|" I began speaking into the little box. "I guess we'll have two of those, umâ€| croissan'wiches? They look like breakfast." Then, I heard a familiar, raspy voice. "Would you like anything else with that order?" "Um, no, we're fine." "Would you like a hotcat?" I leaned out the window and began angrily prodding the speaker box. "You listen here comedian, I came here for breakfast, not your stupid pet switch shenanigans!" Frisk sighed, and gave herself a facepalm. "Okay, drive around to the next window." said you-know-who (Not Voldemort,).

I drove the car slowly to the next window, and stopped. A bony hand reached out to take the wad of one's I had in my hand. Then, the smiling face of Sans appeared at the window. He was wearing one of the Burger King uniforms instead of his blue jacket, and he stared at me, as though he was chill with me being next to Frisk, ordering breakfast.

Sans held out the Burger King bag to me, and I snatched it quickly out of his hand. "One of these days comedian, you'll pay for the shit you've put me through." I said angrily. "Hey." He replied. He leaned forward, out the window. His eye blazed with blue flame, or magic, or whatever. "Watch your language, there are kids here, and the last thing I want is for their parents to sue this establishment. We get paid minimum wage as it is (Not in the real Burger King, just a fictional scenario.)," He poked my nose with one of his long, white fingers. "So you had better shut your trap before I jump out there and beat you senseless." Sans said darkly. He then pulled himself back into the window. "Have a nice day." He said sarcastically to me. "Heya Frisk, you should drop by my place again. I don't think that other girl would, _Chara-_bout it." I growled at his terrible pun, and I clutched the steering wheel so hard, my fingernails dug into the palm of my hand. I then drove away without saying goodbye to the comedian.

I drove in silence. The trees shot by without a second glance, and Frisk sat quietly next to me. She stared at me, with a shocked expression. She looked as though I was going to lash out at any moment. "Hey, are you going to eat, or are ya' just gonna stare at me like that?" I asked her. She kept staring at me. I tried to ignore it

by staring out the front window, at the road, but out of the corner of my eye, I could see her blank face, watching my every move. I pulled over into the bicycle lane, and the car stopped with a squeal. I covered my face with my hands, and tiredly rubbed my eyes. Frisk just stared.

"Friskâ€¦ why are you looking at me like that?" I asked her, setting my hands on my lap. I knew she wouldn't give a response, but I waited anyway. "Friskâ€¦ I know that I should be nice to the com-... I mean Sans, but we don't have a good history together." I said to her. She gave me a quizzical look. I sighed.

I unbuckled, and turned my back to Frisk. I lifted the back of my shirt, exposing my bare back to Frisk. My back was covered in scars, and just thinking about them made my insides tingle. "Yeah, somehow bones can do that." I put my shirt back down and turned to Frisk. She seemed to understand a little better.

"Soâ€¦ see? Me and that skeleton have had it with each other since day one. Apparently the resets never affected his memory. He remembers every life I took, every time I swung a knife." I then stared blankly out the front windshield. I felt my stomach churn itself into a knot.

I could feelâ€¦ I felt likeâ€¦ I felt bad for what I did back in the underground. I knew that the reset I had done with Frisk had changed most of it, but the underground was kind of a work in progress future. Things worked, but not a lot.

"Friskâ€¦ I justâ€¦ I don't knowâ€¦" I covered my face with my hands once again. I did not want Frisk to see me like this, but I couldn't think of anything to say. "Lookâ€¦ we could talk about this back at homeâ€¦ please?" There was silence. "Mm-hmmâ€¦" Frisk replied. She put her hand on my shoulder. I nuzzled it with my over-blushed cheek. Her hand was smooth, and warm. "Eat nowâ€¦" I said quietly to her. "Pleaseâ€¦"

Frisk took her hand away, and reached into the BK bag. She pulled out a large lump in a wrapper. She unwrapped it, and took a bite of the croisandwich. "Mmmâ€¦" she sighed. She took an even larger bite. "Good, huh?" I asked her as she stuffed the rest of it into her mouth. She nodded her head. I had lost my appetite due to the argument I just had with Sans.

"You can eat the other one too, I'm not really hungry." Frisk took the other one, and ate it even quicker than the first one. I began driving again. Frisk took a brown napkin from the bag, and dabbed her face with it. Frisk stuffed the wrappers, and the napkin back in the bag, and crumpled it up. She threw it on my lap, and giggled. I chuckled back. "Don't sass me around!" I said flirtatiously. I grabbed the bag, and tossed back at Frisk. "Okay, enoughâ€¦ I'm trying to drive." I said as she tossed the trash back at me.

After more driving, we pulled back into the driveway. We entered our apartment, and we could hear Flowey's GameBoy beeping. "The batteries are dying! Get me some new ones!" Flowey tried to hand his console to me when I stepped into the room. I went to the end table by the bed, and pulled out a couple of triple 'A' batteries, and put them in Flowey's pot. "Okay, first of all, these are triple 'A's, I need _double_ 'A's! Second of all, I'm only a frickin' plant! I don't have

the strength to do it!"

I left the room without helping that flower, and I stepped into the living area. Frisk was on the couch, watching the morning news through cable. Frisk always knew more about cable and tech stuff than I did. I sat next to Frisk on the couch, and put my arm around her. She leaned her head against my shoulder (If you couldn't tell, we like doing that.). "There is a sixty five percent chance of heavy rainfall, so you should get comfy with a nice book. Speaking of which, the libraryâ€¦ umâ€¦ the librarby, will be closed until further notice due to relentless book theft. If you have any questions please contact the librarby at the following number." The man then gave out the phone number for the librarby.

The rest of the day was just watching strange shows with Frisk. At one point, I went to replace the batteries in Flowey's console, and take a nice, warm shower. After I put my sweater, and my jeans back on, I went back to Frisk. She was still on the couch, but she looked sleepy. I stared silently at her droopy face, then I picked her up, and held her in my arms like a mother would a baby.

She didn't seem to weigh to much. I carried her into the bedroom (Lenny face intensifies) and set her gently down on it. Despite her being my girlfriend, I felt uncomfortable changing her, so I just left her in her sweater and jeans, and I tucked her in. She looked so beautiful as she slept on. I stared dreamily at her. I loved her so much, and I just wanted to hug her at that moment.

End
file.